

THE NEWS FROM THE OLD NORTH STATE AND ITS CAPITAL.

ELIZABETH CITY.

RED MEN AND TELEPHONE COMPANY ELECT OFFICERS.

(Special to The Virginian-Pilot.)

Elizabeth City, N. C., April 28.—At a special communication of Cherokee Chapter No. 14, of Elizabeth City, held last Friday evening, for the purpose of the election of officers for the ensuing year, resulted as follows: W. V. Griggs, H. P. J. B. Griggs, king; F. M. Grice, scribe; W. W. Mann, treasurer; C. C. Barnard, secretary; E. F. Sawyer, chaplain; C. W. Grice, captain of host; George B. Pendleton, principal of school; D. M. Simmons, R. A. Captain; T. B. Wilson, M. of third veil; M. M. Forbes, M. of second veil; D. C. Whitehurst, M. of first veil; L. Selig, sentinel.

At an annual meeting of the stockholders of the Camden Telephone Company, this week, the following officers and directors were elected: P. N. Williams, president; R. L. Forbes, secretary; C. S. Sawyer, treasurer; directors, Dr. L. S. Blades, H. T. Greenleaf, M. N. Sawyer, A. Sawyer and Ed Mitchell. Steps will be taken at once to extend the line to South Mills and Norfolk.

Messrs. R. C. Abbott and C. C. Bailey left yesterday on a visit to Richmond.

Mr. Herbert Smith has accepted a position with the Norfolk and Southern railroad. He will reside in Berkeley.

Mr. J. M. Simmons and wife left yesterday to spend a few weeks in Norfolk.

Mr. J. H. Burgess, Jr., returned yesterday from a short visit to Newport News.

Mr. C. W. Jones, of Louisville, Ky., was in town yesterday on business.

Mr. R. H. Roper has accepted a position with the Norfolk and Southern railroad as purser on the steamer Harbinger.

Mr. Joseph McBride Whitney, one of our old Confederate veterans, died Friday morning at his home, a few miles from town. Mr. Whitney was well-known and highly esteemed, and his death is very much regretted by his many friends.

EDENTON.

(Special to Virginian-Pilot.)

Edenton, N. C., April 28.—Mrs. J. W. Branning is at home after an absence of several days.

Rev. Mr. F. N. Skinner, of Clinton, N. C., is here on a visit to relatives.

Mr. C. H. Horton, of the Courier, is attending the union meeting at Roper City this week.

The Yeopim union meeting convened at 10 o'clock yesterday at Yeopim Church. Rev. W. P. Jordan preached the introductory sermon.

Miss Bessie Riddick, of Hertford, is the guest of Miss Winston to-day.

There will be a Democratic rally here Monday, May 7th. Hon. C. B. Aycock and other Democratic candidates on the State ticket will speak. Speaking will begin at 11 o'clock.

Court will be in session at Columbia next week.

OXFORD.

(Special to Virginian-Pilot.)

Oxford, N. C., April 28.—The piano and voice recital given by the pupils of Mrs. J. B. Booth's music school on Tuesday evening at 8 o'clock elicited the highest praise from the audience.

The following ladies took part in the program: Mrs. Booth, the Misses Steed, Edna Spencer, Alene Cooper, Maude Parham, Katherine Horner, Julia Winston, Addie Jackson, Lula Broughton, Sophronie Cooper, Grace Clement, Julia Ussy and Mary Cooper.

All the pupils did well, but the vocal solos by Misses Grace Clement and Maude Parham deserve especial mention.

Mrs. Booth's reputation as a teacher was well sustained, and she has aroused the enthusiasm of the music-loving people of this place.

The Niagara Canal.

This comparatively small strip of water will, when built, prove the link between prosperity and many people. The farmers in the extreme East, as well as those in the extreme West, have long been kept poor by the exorbitant freight rates will perhaps profit by it most of all. It will prove a blessing to humanity in general, and the condition of the nation, as Hostetter's Stomach Bitters has that of the individual. The Bitters are good for everybody, but particularly for those who do not possess health. There have been many cases of dyspepsia and indigestion cured by this medicine when all other remedies had failed. This remedy has been discovered for ailments of the stomach, liver, bowels and kidneys. You will find it will quickly cleanse the blood and strengthen the vitality. See that a Private Revenue Stamp covers the neck of the bottle.

C. & O. Summer Homes and Mountain Resorts.

Additional Train Service.

The Chesapeake and Ohio Railway Company will have for distribution about May 1st booklets containing detailed information of their many Summer Homes and Mountain Resorts. Good board can be had for \$5.00 per week and upwards. This booklet will show cost of board, per capita, and from railway station, etc., which, together with the additional train service to be established this season, will be especially suitable and convenient for the families in and around Norfolk to leave the city's heat and reach bracing mountain air at the most desirable hours of the day.

About July 1st an additional train will be established between Norfolk, Portsmouth, Old Point, Newport News and Chesapeake and Ohio resorts, leaving Norfolk, 8:30 a. m.; Portsmouth, 9:30 a. m.; Old Point, 9:00 a. m., and Newport News, 9:30 a. m., reaching White Sulphur 7:00 p. m., Hot Springs 7:25 p. m., delivering passengers at all intermediate resorts at seasonable hours. This train will carry Parlor Car Chesapeake and Ohio Ticket Office at a small cost.

For those who prefer night travel a train will leave Norfolk, 7:15 p. m.; Old Point, 7:45 p. m.; Newport News, 8:15 p. m.; Richmond, 10:30 p. m., arriving at Hot Springs 7:25 a. m., White Sulphur 7:00 a. m., etc. This train, carrying full moon Sleeping Cars, will stop at a few of the principal stations west of Gordonsville.

For detailed information, descriptive matter, etc., apply to Chesapeake and Ohio agents, or to C. & O. R. Y., Passenger Agent, C. & O. R. Y., under Atlantic Hotel, Norfolk, Va. ap27,29-21

Underwear in a variety of styles and colorings at

RUDOLPHI & WALLACE, 333 Main St.

key. But for the hint of the squirrel's eyes I could not have located the ratter. His color and his variegated markings offered but little contrast to his surroundings. His monotone of noise was indefinite, and to sight as well as in sound he seemed only a blur on the back-ground of the dark and on which he lay.

Was the squirrel only curious to satisfy himself as to the character of that strange object, or was he hypnotized? I have often amused myself by holding the violent curiosity of the little animal but never did a waving or jumping object awaken such intense and painful emotion as he ratter always demands.

I knew what must soon follow; that the squirrel cries would grow weak, that he would grow dizzy and finally tumble from the tree, hang a moment by one claw and then drop into the jaws of the living death that lay in wait. I had raised my rifle to save the little fellow, when he tragedy was interrupted from another quarter.

Swift as light, a form raced on the stage. It was clothed in a gleaming coat of beautiful white and black spots; it shifted and shone like a necklace of precious stones, and I knew the king snake claimed a victim. The newcomer was smaller than the ratter; its ground color was a greenish gray, and the spots scintillated in he sunlight which shifted down upon the scene from the tangled branches overhead.

The first rattle of its approach the ratter lost all interest in the squirrel which ran back into the tree. The king snake held his head high and raced around the ratter in a wide circle, while the ratter tried to sink away. The king darted for ward as if to attack, and the ratter threw himself into a coil. The king was again away and racing around, with a swift movement the ratter seemed unable to follow with his eye. The ratter was lowered, his buzz was jerky and uneven, and altogether he presented a very different appearance from the self-confident arbiter of the woods which he had seemed when I first saw him. I could think of nothing but some human being hurried in the act of torturing his helpless victim, and suddenly oppressed to face an adversary worthy of his strength. The king snake seemed to enjoy the situation as a cat does her cruel dallying with a mouse.

Round and round went the king snake, and the ratter followed the movement till his neck was twisted. Whenever it attempted to turn the king would spring forward, and it was evident that the first failure of the ratter in swiftness would be the signal for muscles to clench with venom. The king would race from left to right and then reverse, and if the ratter failed to follow, that would be the end of him. This happened, and I saw the king in the air, but could not catch the strike, so instantaneous was it.

There was a confusion of flying pine needles in a cloud of white dust, and I saw that two inches of the king's coil was about the throat of the ratter. Over and over they went, the king's head above that of his enemy, and a curve of his body acting as a buffer to keep up the motion which enabled him to take another turn and still another. And so the struggle continued, till the ratter did not writhe freely, and he was held as a vine wraps a tree.

When he lay still the king snake began to uncoil himself slowly, and I noticed that his enemy's constrictor's folds contracted and crushed with killing effect. Even when there was only a quiver of the tail, the king still gripped the throat. It was plain he had a wholesome respect for the fangs that were still terrible. As a last precaution the king applied his nostrils delicately to those of the ratter, and repeated that several times, as if to detect the faintest breath. Satisfied at last, it released its enemy, but still watched him as he came its hold at the slightest sign of life.

There I left him keeping grim guard over the body of his vanquished foe. As I turned away, the voice of the squirrel in the tree broke out again, saucy and defiant as it always is, but no longer filled with agony and terror, as at first.

The Youth's Companion.

If the rattlesnake is justly called the king of America's woods and rocks, yet his crown is not held without danger, since he is hunted diligently and successfully. His fangs are indeed deadly, but the deer and the wild hog never fail to attack him, and he has an enemy of his own kind still more dangerous to him.

Snakes may be divided into three classes. Those which are venomous, the constrictors and those which are neither. Unless the second of these are wonderful for their size, they secure little of our attention, and yet they are generally beautiful in colors, most graceful in action and often among our best friends. In Florida we have two constructions especially noticeable—the black racer, which grows to the length of twelve feet and makes a business of warping on rats and other small deer the former hates; and the king snake, whose mission seems to be the exterminator of the ratter.

One day I was returning from a day's hunt, at peace with the world and myself, when I heard a squirrel scolding as if he were a war politician in the night before election. The noise he made was so loud and insistent that I turned out of my way to see what he could be the matter. I found the little fellow on the trunk of a pine about ten feet from the ground, jumping about as if in convulsions. He would flourish his tail wildly, scold in anger, threaten an assault, run back a little way up the trunk, and then return and scold again.

I looked carefully and saw that his anger was directed at a rattlesnake that lay coiled at the foot of the tree. The snake was compressed into a ball, from the middle of which the ratter sounded continuously; its blazing light eyes were fixed unchangingly upon those of the squirrel. The effect, but the squirrel scolded in an ever-lasting

WASHINGTON AND CONGRESS.

Kodak Views By the Virginian-Pilot's Regular Correspondent.

A RIVER OF DISCUSSION.

One of the Features of the National Capital

—A Haven of Enjoyment For the Amateur Photographer—Kodak Picture of an Old Member of Congress—A Fine Subject For a Snap Shot—Flash Light Picture of a South Carolinian—Champ Clark's Wit.

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to the bar of the House and have the oath administered? and then kick him out. Under our theory we would say to him at the threshold, "Thou keeper of an Oriental harem, avast and quit our sight."

South Carolina statesmen are usually fine food for kodaks. Here is one taken of Senator Ben Tillman. He is not usually considered as either ornate or classic, but it would be hard to parallel his allusion to the speech of Senator Beveridge on the Philippine question. "Better you to remember," Tillman said, "that the Senator from Indiana did not trust that marvelous memory of his, because we all know, at least those who have made speeches—and we sometimes talk ourselves—that these flowing periods and those beautiful sentences and that rhetorical loveliness and finish and glitter did not come from any well in which he can dip a bucket and draw it out at will."

No finer subject for a snap shot exists than Joseph C. Sibley, of Pennsylvania. Politically he wears a coat of many colors, but he is always an interesting figure, coat or no coat. His speeches are refulgent with variegated colors, and at times have a shimmering brightness which makes it difficult to understand them. In some remarks on taxation, Mr. Sibley, of Chester, of Missouri, who claims to know something about the business, asked Sibley if he thought the Philippine Islands were susceptible to American immigration.

"I want to tell you a story," Sibley replied. "It seems to me that you gentlemen are like an old man who lived up in the country at the time they built the Allegheny Valley Railroad. He had some flat land in a valley where they wanted to build the road. Never having seen a railroad, he was opposed to it. Under the right of eminent domain they built the road. After it was built he and his wife concluded that they would go to the top of the hill and see the train go across. They reached the top just as a long freight train came around the curve and swept across the valley. They watched it until it went out of sight. Then his wife turned to him and said: 'Well, Josiah, it didn't do any harm.'"

"That's all right, Maria," he replied. "she went endwise this time, but the next time she may go sideways and there won't be a rap left in the whole wire-grass region."

"You people," shouted Sibley, waving his hand toward the minority, "are afraid that the next time it is going to come sideways, but it isn't. It's going to come endwise, just as it has always done."

By way of putting a nub on the speech, Sibley said: "Primitive man lived in caverns, clothed himself in skins, and ate his meat raw, squatting on his haunches, and there has never been a change for the higher and better forms of life without arousing the hostility of some old moss-back conservative hunker, who will prate of those fairer and better days of old, when their grandfathers swung by their tails from the limbs of the trees in the forests primeval."

While Mr. Sibley was making his speech, Prof. W. Jasper Talbert, of Parkville, S. C., turned his kodak upon the great Pennsylvanian. He developed the picture without going into a dark room, and exhibited it to the House in a pension discussion a day or two afterward. Talbert was insisting upon a strict scrutiny of each pension bill with a view of detecting those not really entitled to pensions.

Mr. Sibley was annoying him by objections and points of order. It was then that Talbert began to exhibit the productions of his kodak. Mr. Sibley said that it cost \$7,500 an hour to run the House of Representatives. He added that even his friend from South Carolina would admit that in the last few years he had used so much of the time of the House in opposing legislation that the cost of the time would have paid every pension bill that had been before the House this session.

Talbert replied: "My friend, you go out of one place and into another so often that I cannot follow him."

A moment afterward, when he had called for the reading of a report and Mr. Sibley had objected, Talbert said: "I hope this House has not arrived at that understanding at that point, where they want to stifle free speech, where they want to gag anybody, especially my distinguished, smooth-faced chameleon from Pennsylvania, coquetting with silver and gold with the facile ease of a light acrobat."

When this picture was shown, the whole House burst into uncontrollable laughter.

About this time William Neville, who is the successor of Judge Green, of Nebraska, asked Mr. Talbert why he did not make the point of no quarrel when the day pension business was being considered.

"If the gentleman will sit down and be easy, and let his hair grow, I will tell him why I do it," Prof. Talbert responded. He then said that he did keep pensions from bummers, deserters, and those who were against the war, and he was opposed to these internal increases to men and women who had already a competency, while old soldiers were left out without original pensions.

Not long afterward Joseph W. Fordney, of Michigan, brought a flash-light picture of the South Carolinian. It was intensely characteristic. Fordney, indignant at the delay in the pension bills, told Talbert that he would not believe him under oath. The professor replied that a Bible quotation was "A white horse, a red horse, a black horse, and a red horse for the fool's back." He thought that his friend from Michigan might be put in either category, and added that if the gentleman meant to impute untruthfulness to "me, I hurl it back, down his rotten throat."

Mr. Fordney returned that he was a firm believer in the Bible. "It says that man must be born again. When it is time for the gentleman from South Carolina to be born again, I hope to God he will be still-born."

"There is no danger of the gentleman from Michigan being born again, answered Talbert, "because the devil has got him—has got a bill of sale of him now."

Along in the third month of the session some kodak fiend caught Joseph G. Cannon, Uncle Joe was a little

frisky, and as usual, somebody was kicked over. He was piloting an urgent deficiency bill through the devious channels of legislation when charges were made against Secretary Gage for his dealings with certain New York banks. Uncle Joe got after Champ Clark. He recollected something that occurred on the Wabash when he was a boy. It was before the

days of railroads. There was a three days' discussion between great religious lights on the doctrine of election. An old hard-shell Presbyterian took occasion to say that the Lord had ordered everything from the beginning, and that there were infants in hell not a span long. There was a good old Methodist sister sitting near by, but she did not go into any argument about it. She could not have disproved it any more than he could prove it, but she answered it by jumping up, clapping her hands and shouting, "Oh, how I thank my God that that is a lie!"

Champ Clark made a display of intellectual curios before this. It was when the majority had expressed some jubilation over the Congressional election two years ago. Champ said that the rejoicing over that result was the most amazing phenomena that he had observed while tabernaculating in the flesh. It reminded him of a story he once heard. A young physician was called in a case of great delicacy. When he returned to the office his veteran partner asked him how he got along. "First rate," replied the youthful disciple of Esculapius. "The mother and baby are both dead, but I saved the old man."

"With their combs out, both wings broken, and their tail-feathers plucked," Champ added, "the majority is crowing because they saved the old man."

So much for the scenes along the river of discussion. These reproductions from the kodak appear trivial, but they indicate the strength of the current when "The shallows munder and the deeps are dumb." A new fresher is at hand: The stream is rising steadily and will overflow its banks about the middle of July. It will then be time for those living on the river bottoms to make a break for the hills. Everything indicates a storm of unusual length and severity, with plenty of thunder and lightning and showers of hailstones as large as hen's eggs.

AMOS J. CUMMINGS.

"A Bimetallite Currency, The Only Hope of the Republic." This is a concise and graphic history of the money question and is ably written. The claims of bimetalism are powerfully presented, and no one can read the book without being satisfied of the evils of the gold standard. The author, Mrs. Emeline Hicks, is an aged lady of 84 years, yet her work is as bright and vigorous as if written in the prime of life. Her blows at the bank monopoly and the money barons are true and strong ones, and ought to be effective this year. This is the kind of book to hand to your friend who is wavering on the money question. It will open his eyes as no other book does. Published by Word and Works Publishing Company, of St. Louis, Mo. Price, 25 cents.

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